

MARVEL®  
23rd Mar 91

# THE REAL

NO145 45p

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# GH<sup>OST</sup>BUSTERS™

97/AVE

YIKES!  
IT'S A D-D-  
DEMON  
DOGGY!

ELEMENTARY,  
MY DEAR  
WINSTON!

**TERRIFIC  
TRAINERS TO  
BE WON!**

ISSN 0954-9404



9 770954 940011

12



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The Real Ghostbusters take a trip out to the lonely, desolate moors of Maine and follow in the footsteps of the great detective Shylock Hermes in a *wagging* tale of wolfish weirdness in this week's **Winston's Diary!**

Furthermore one can deduce from the following page that the first story in this, the one hundred and forty-fifth edition of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, is connected in some way with the signs of the Zodiac, and that indeed the story is called **Horror-Scope Part One!**

Speaking of things afoot, this could be your chance to win one of 10 pairs of **British Knights** trainers, or one of 80 pairs of **Crazy Laces** in our fantastic **Smiths Crisps Competition!**

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Editor STUART BARTLETT  
Spirit Guide DAN ABNETT



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# THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER  
VENKMAN



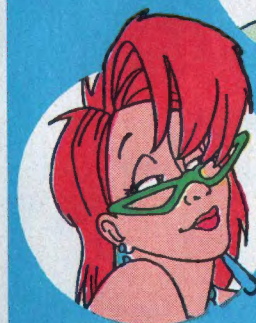
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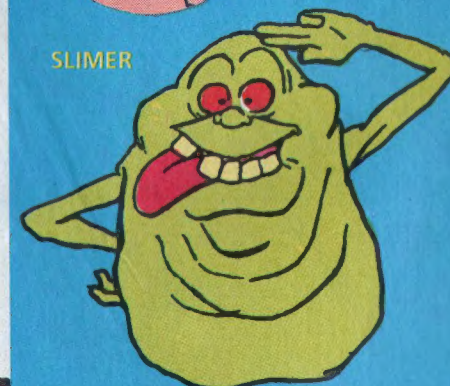
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WINSTON  
ZEDDMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

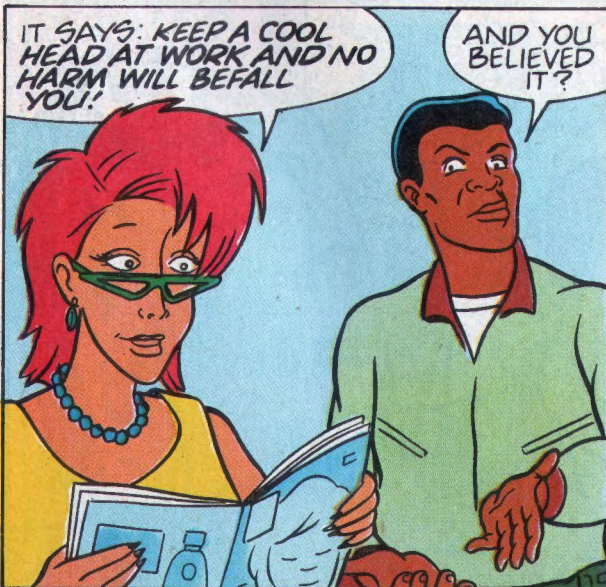
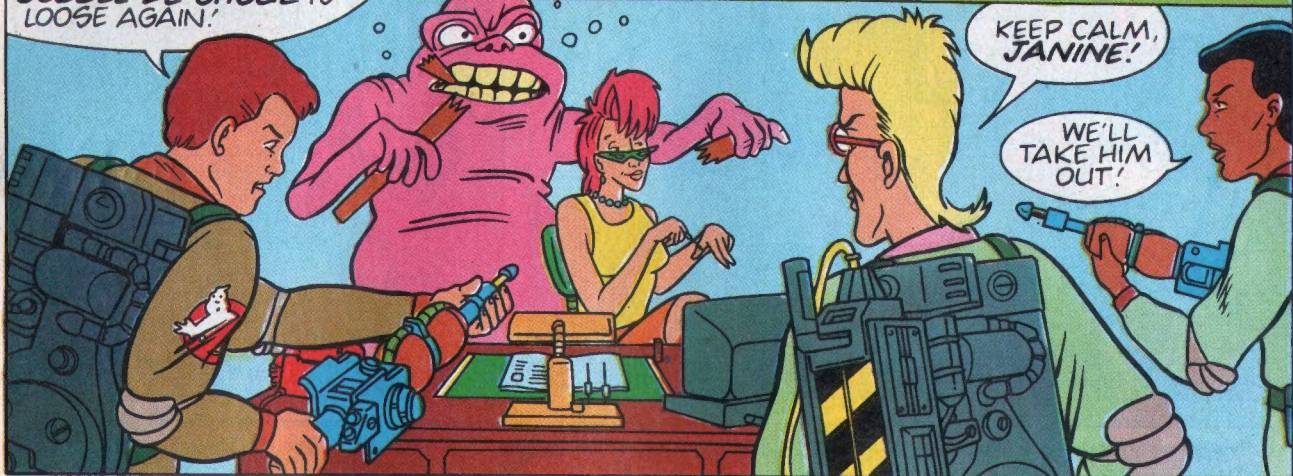


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

GHOSTBUSTERS H.Q...

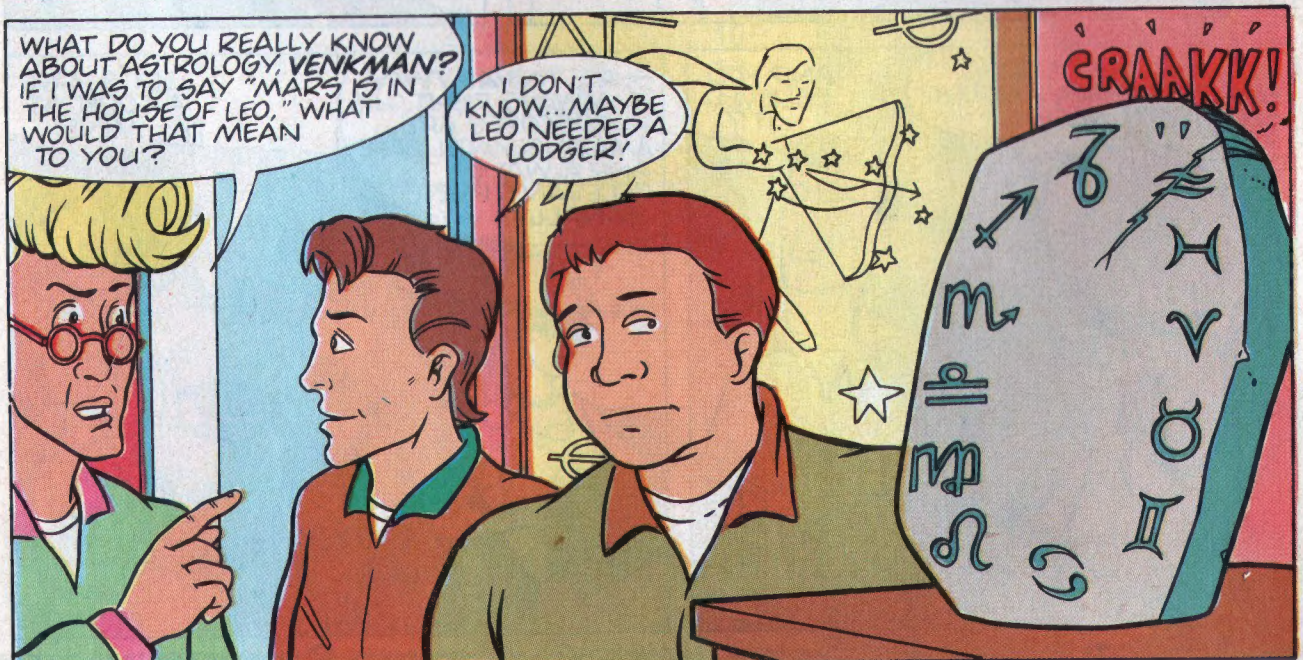
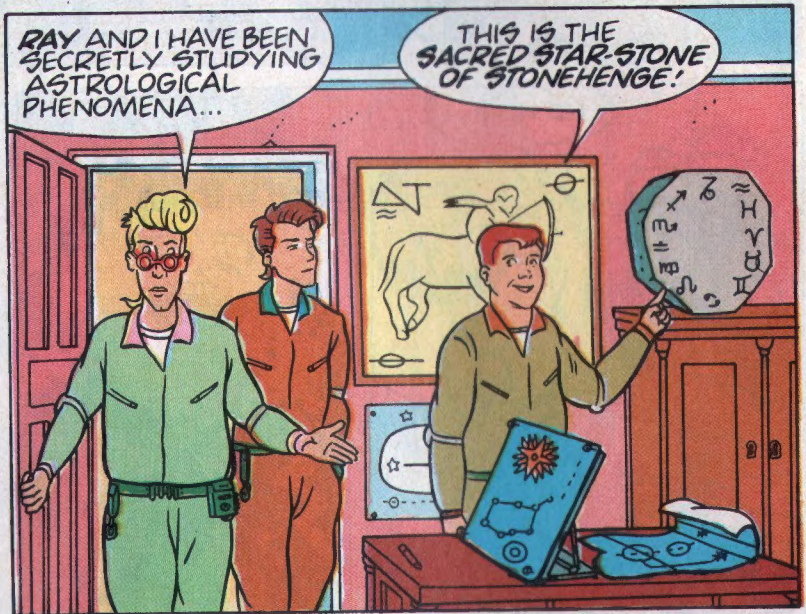
A SLIGHT TRAP MALFUNCTION AND THAT GOBBLE-DE-GHOUL IS LOOSE AGAIN!

## HORROR-SCOPE!

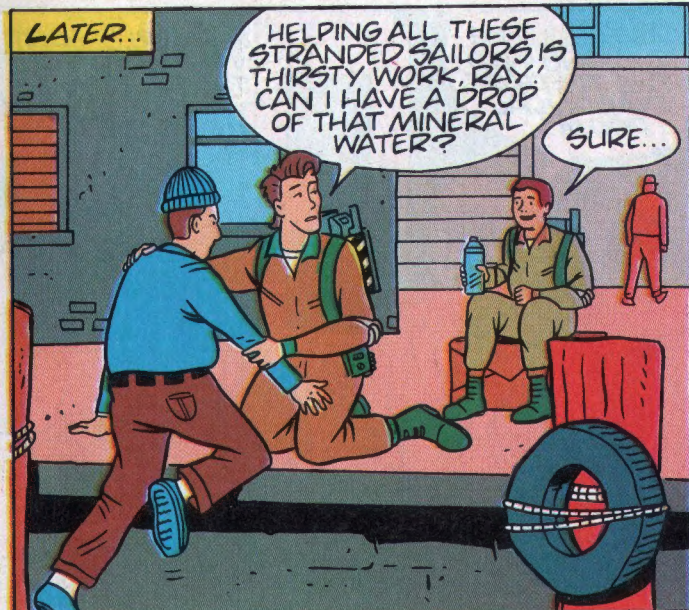
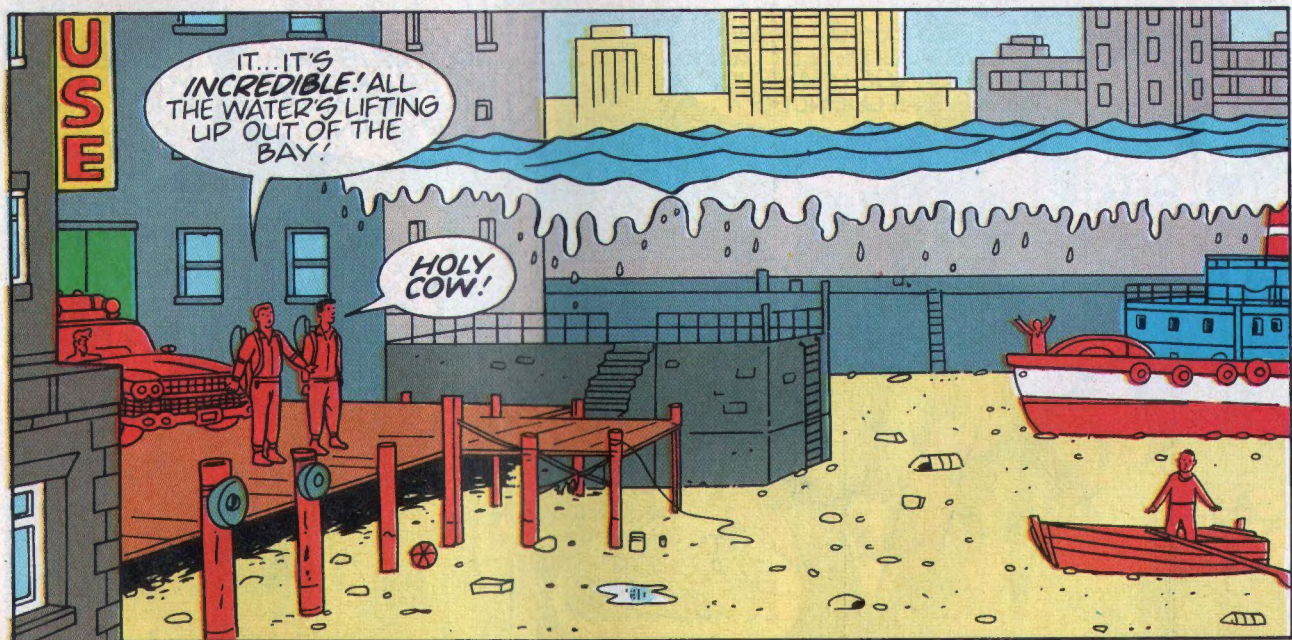
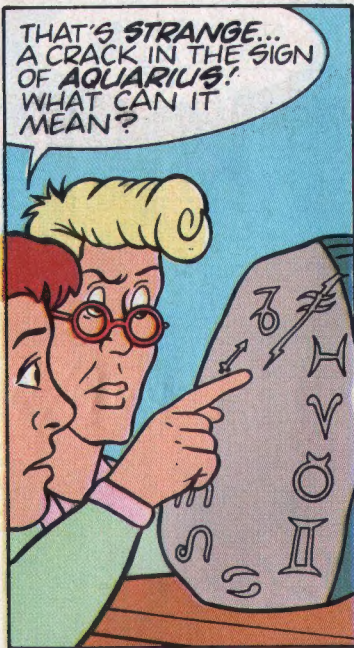


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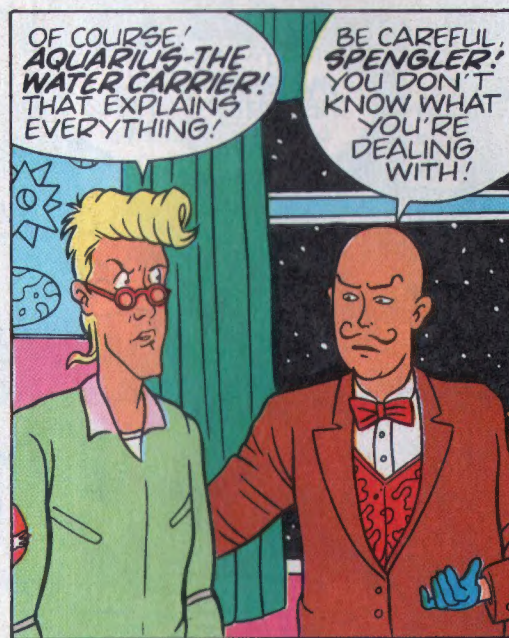
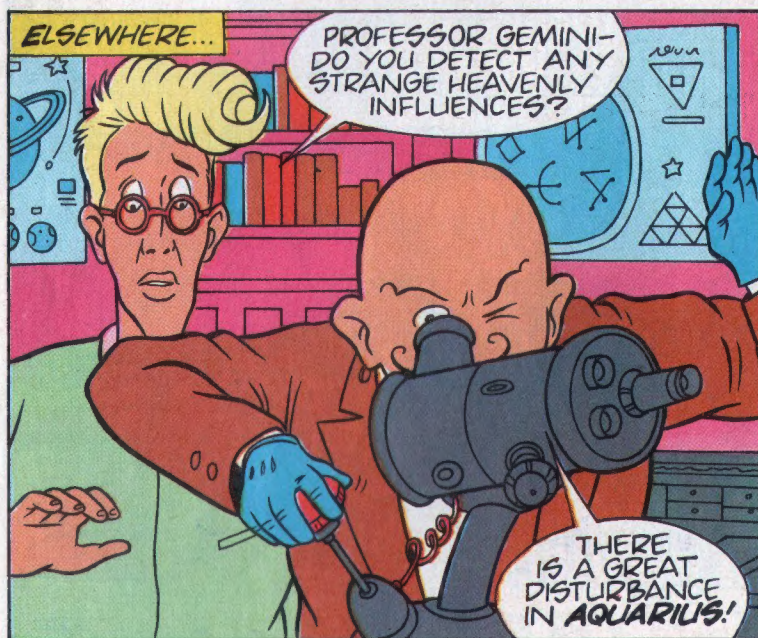




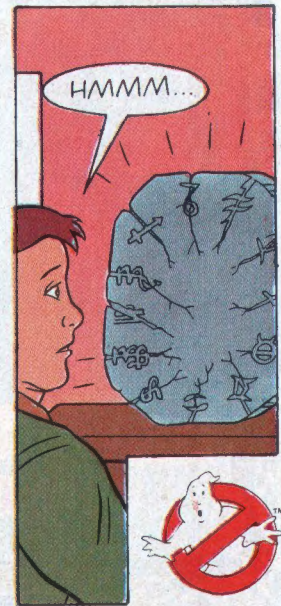
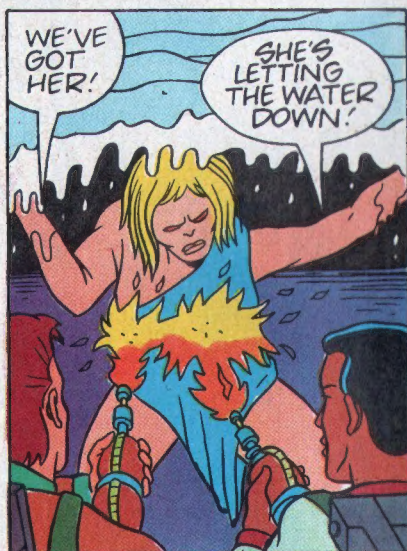
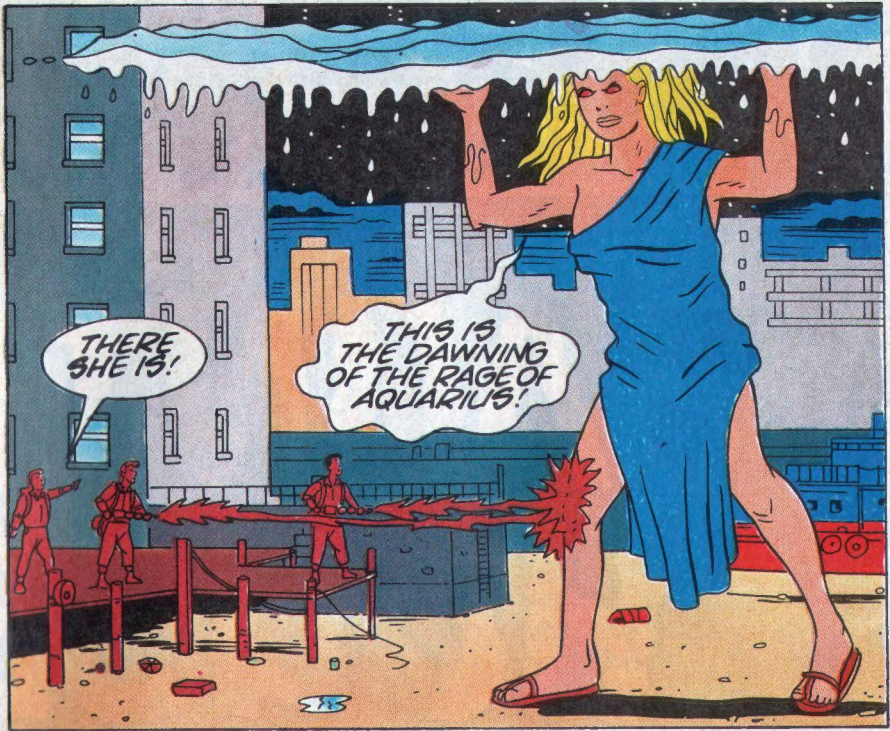














**DARE YOU ENTER THE**

# **HAUNTED HOUSE?**



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**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR  
ON SALE NOW WITH FREE DOUBLE LOLLY!**



# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

## GUIDE



The Spirit World is very heavily influenced by their astrological charts, the Ecto-zodiac, and it is useful for any paranormal researcher to have a grasp of the signs and houses of this system. Here I present the first half of the Spengler's Spirit Guide to the Ecto-zodiac – part two next week!

**Capradabracorn** – a fish-tailed cow with the thumbs and manners of a goat, Capradabracorn as a sign represents stamina, endurance, good-nature, friendship and mercy. No one is born under this sign in the Supercosmos. Birthstone: Basalt.

**Aquerulous** – the dart thrower. The sign of Aquerulous is the house of whining, whinging things and Tobin has shown that almost all banshees and gremlins are born under this sign. Birthstone: Grit.

**Pixies** – the twin short, irritating folk. Symbol of neck cricks, inferiority complexes and 'Mr Big' uplift insteps, most of the faerie folk of the Supercosmos are born under this sign. A long way under. Birthstone: a

## PART 145

stick of rock with 'proud to be stumpy' written through it.

**Vertigo** – a parachuting pig with a camel's body. The starsign of those spooks who passed over in accidents involving applications of the forces of gravity above the safety levels set down in Newton's *Gravity, a User's Guide*. Vertigoans are usually found to be quiet, reserved, and lying at the bottom of a steep cliff. No one, not even Vondahuck in his excellent *The Camel's Body: Murder or What?* has been able to explain where

the pig got the camel's body from, and why he chose to carry it under his trotter when he went parachuting. Birthstone: a small boulder travelling past you at terminal velocity straight down.

**Conker** – an eight-legged crustacean with pincers and an axe to grind. Most Gozerians are born under this sign, and usually spend their afterlives trying to own it. Conkerians are out-going, all-invading, dictatorial and like nothing better than finding a small dimension of peaceful beings, conquering it and ruling it with infernal infamy for the rest of time. Birthstone: the crows.

**Libretto** – a set of bathroom scales. Spooks born Librettos are notoriously unbalanced, neurotic and psychotic. Apparitions of this sign usually manifest as animated skeletons who stumble about worrying about being overweight. Another particular trait is the infamous Libretto indecisiveness. At least, I think it is. Birthstone: not sure, but it must be almost two stone by now.

More next week . . .



# WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story DAN ABNETT Art STEPHEN BASKERVILLE, LESLEY DALTON and JOHN BURNS



*Friday, 22nd March 1991*

It's good to get out of town once in a while, away from the grey, dismal, depressing streets. Unless, of course, you end up getting away from it all to grey, dismal, depressing moors.

Basketchair Grange lies out in the bleaker parts of Maine, a rambling ancestral home set into the wild and untidy moorland, wracked by winter storms, thick Autumn fogs and dreadful Spring rainfalls – all pretty bad as they take place all at the same time all year round. It wasn't the sort of place either Egon or I wanted to go, but duty called. It seemed, from the phone message we'd received that an old family curse had come back to haunt the current Lord Basketchair.

All of which seemed to suit Egon a treat. He was a particular fan of the great detective Shylock Hermes, who had investigated the Basketchair curse back in the 1890's. At that time, Egon's hero had shown the curse to be an elaborate fake, designed to drive the rich Basketchair family mad and get their lands and money turned over to other unscrupulous parties. It was the great detective's finest hour. As we drove down the Grange, I had a growing fear that Egon had gone overboard about it all. The magnifying glass and the deerstalker hat made me think that for a start. 'Why?' I asked him, as I steered ECTO-1 through the damp, dismal (and grey) lanes across the moor. 'The deerstalker is an excellent cold weather protector. I imagine we will have to spend a lot of time researching outdoors, and I feel confident that this will keep me warm in the bitterest winds.' 'It has nothing to do with the fact that Shylock Hermes used to wear one?' I ventured.

Egon looked at me through his magnifying lens, one eye enlarged to massive proportions. 'None whatsoever, my dear Winston,' he said.

Casey Basketchair met us when we arrived at the Grange. He seemed a

pleasant enough young fellow, though a little tired looking and worried. He gave Egon's hat a funny look.

'It's for the cold,' I told him.

'Ahh,' he said. 'Well, I'm glad you're here anyway. There have been some awful things going on. Every night for the last week, the whole family's been awakened by this dreadful howling, and this even more dreadful yelping noise, and it's got us all at our wit's end. Then the other night Frobisher the groundsman was out late in the stables, near the edge of the marshes, and he thought he saw a huge and terrible creature pounding across the ground into the night. A massive wolf-like thing it was, with glowing eyes and a great lolling tongue and great big pointy teeth.'

Egon nodded sagely and tapped his magnifying glass against the palm of his hand thoughtfully. 'Just like the original curse, eh? The Hound of the Basketchairs looming out of the mists as an omen of death and destruction for the entire Basketchair family.'

Casey Basketchair shrugged grimly, clearly still not at ease about Egon's hat. 'That's what we feared, Dr Spengler. Though of course the last time this happened back in the 1890's, it was all a hoax.'

'I'm aware of that,' replied Egon. He held up a PKE meter which he had been consulting at regular moments since we had arrived. 'However, if you'll observe the readings of this Psycho-Kinetic Energy Meter, you'll see a topping out at nearly fifteen hundred cycles, quite a profound spectral reading, I can assure you.'

Casey showed us out to the misty and grotty area near the marshes where the groundsman had seen the phantom hound and left us there saying, 'you'll have to wait until dark. He doesn't show up until then.'

We waited for something to happen shivering in the encroaching gloom, rain spattering down our collars.



An hour after nightfall, when I thought I was really going to freeze solid and die of the most appalling case of influenza ever in the history of snivels, we heard something – a faint yelping noise. It was a ghastly sound which got louder as if it were coming nearer.

'What's that?' I asked Egon.

'I'm not sure,' he replied cautiously, 'but I'm not getting a reading of any sort at all.'

'Something's moving – Egon! Look over there, in the undergrowth ... something's moving! It's a... a...'

It was a small, yelping puppy, really quite cute and completely non-ghostly. Egon and I exchanged confused looks. The puppy stopped yelping and scampered over to us excitedly. It seemed to take a particular shine to Egon. Maybe the deerstalker reminded the dog of big canine ears.



'Well,' said Egon, 'there are two things I don't understand. The first is how this little thing could possibly be mistaken for a massive spectral hound, and secondly, why my PKE Meter has just suddenly gone off the scale.'

That was when the real Phantom Hound turned up, you see. It was over eight feet high at the shoulder, ghastly, demonic,

with huge glowing eyes and mighty big fangs that were undoubtedly pointy. It cantered towards us like a shire horse and let out a horrible baying howl. I put my hands over my eyes, the puppy hid behind Egon, who raising himself up to his full height, stepped forward towards the Hound and said 'Good dog.'

I won't bore you with all the running, jumping, hiding, squeaking and stick throwing that went on after that. Suffice to say we got the whole thing sorted out eventually and laid the Basketchair curse to rest permanently at last.

The Hound, it seemed, was the ghost of the Great Dane used in the original hoax in the 1890s, which had taken quite a shine to the Grange whilst it was alive and had decided to come back there after its death. Though it was massive and ferocious looking, the Hound was quite sweet natured, and wouldn't hurt a fly. It had been haunting the marshes for the last hundred years or so without bothering anybody. The only reason for the recent disturbances was that it wanted to attract someone's attention to the plight of the poor lost puppy that had been abandoned on the moors a week before.

'A remarkably satisfying and easily resolved case,' Egon remarked to me as we climbed back into the car. 'With the Basketchairs happy to look after the puppy, the ghost of the hound won't trouble them anymore. All in all it's –'

'I warn you, Egon,' I cut in, 'If you say 'elementary, my dear Winston', you're walking home.'





# SPECTRAL STINKER

Someone smelt a rat – or to be more exact, the tracker alarm picked up a ghostly smell stinking out HQ. Time for a nose around. But the pong was pretty hard to locate. Even Peter's week-old socks were surprisingly not responsible for the insufferable stench. In fact, it turned out that Winston was the culprit. He'd just bought some new aftershave, suspiciously named Phantom. More like foul Phantom. The bathroom cabinet started shaking and

the ghost materialised. By now things were getting so bad that the boys felt the need for some serious nose protection. But even some nose pegs proved useless in preventing the phantom fragrance from getting right up their noses. Try festering feet bouquet, sardines and skunk essence and mouldy manure for a sample scent. The spook was finally caught using a fan to waft the phantom fumes into a Ghost Trap. Like a breath of fresh air it had gone.





# 10 PAIRS OF BRITISH KNIGHTS TRAINERS AND 20 PACKS OF CRAZY LACES TO BE WON!

**H**ow would you like to be the envy of your neighbourhood, with your very own pair of the hippest, hottest footwear – **British Knights**. The **Real Ghostbusters** have teamed up with your favourite snacks from **Smiths Crisps** – **Cheetos**, **Monster Munch**, **Quavers** and **Square Crisps** – to bring 10 lucky readers the chance to win a pair of **British Knights Chancellor 8179 Hi-Tops** which have come, hot foot, from the US. Each of the first prize-winners will also receive a pair of **Crazy Laces**, and we're also giving away 20 sets, each with a mix of 8 colours, to the 20 second prize winners.



**Cheetos**

**MONSTER MUNCH**

**Quavers**

**How to enter:** All you have to do is decide whether these statements are just too crazy to be true or not.

1. Potato Crisps were invented by a North American Indian called George Crum. True/False
2. The Eskimo language has no word for the word 'No'. True/False
3. The Blue Whale weighs as much as 1800 people. True/False

Send in your answers on a postcard, or the back of a sealed envelope, to:

**The Real Ghostbusters**  
Trainers Competition  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2R 3DX

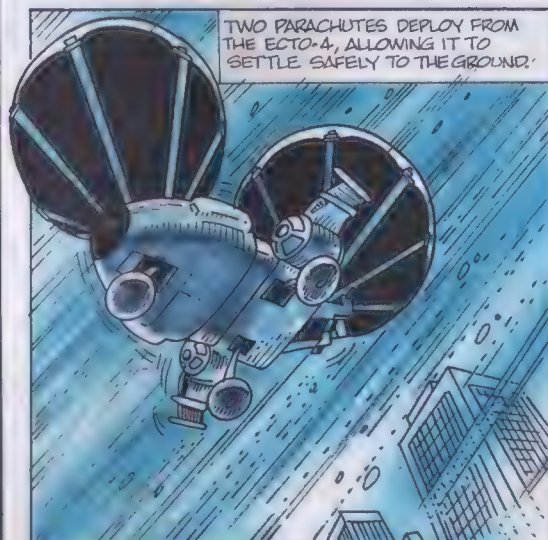
Remember to state your shoe size (2½ to 11 available) and the prize winners will be the first correct entries to be drawn after **Friday, 5th April 1991**

Even if you don't win our competition, you can still have the smartest feet in the street. Smiths Crisps are giving away 1000 pairs of British Knights with a competition on the back of their special packs. And if you're not lucky enough in those, you can still have smart feet as Smiths Crisps are giving away masses of pairs of Crazy Laces (in 8 colours from neon yellow to shocking pink) in the special packs of Cheetos, Monster Munch, Quavers and Square Crisps. Feet need never be dull again.

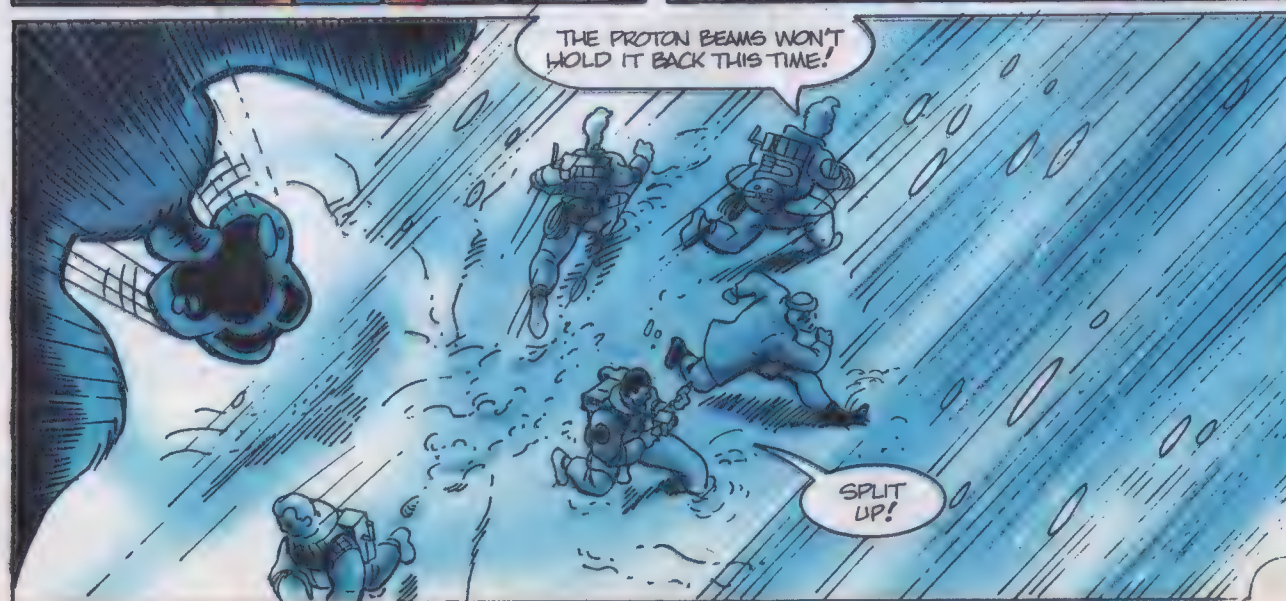


# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

Part Four: The strange Abominable Snow Queen is wreaking havoc with the weather. Will her mate and The Real Ghostbusters be able to find her in time?









NEARBY, LEM HAS FOUND XORYL. SHE'S BEEN WEAKENED FROM THE POWER DRAINED FROM HER.

OH, XORYL, WHAT HAS THAT THING DONE?



LEM, IS SHE OKAY?

IT USED HER. DRAINED HER POWER WITH HATE.

CAN WE SAVE HER?



YOU'D DO THAT AFTER WHAT SHE'S HELPED CREATE HERE? THIS THREAT TO YOUR KIND?

MY KIND STOLE HER AWAY FROM YOU, SO YOU MIGHT SAY THAT WE THREW THE FIRST PUNCH.



YES, BUT UP THERE IS THE REAL VILLIAN!



WE'VE GOT TO STOP IT AND HOPE THE STORM BLOWS ITSELF OUT.

WHERE'S PETER?



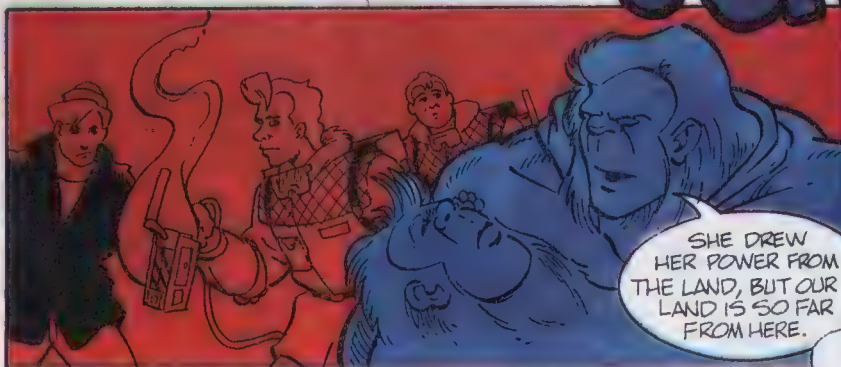
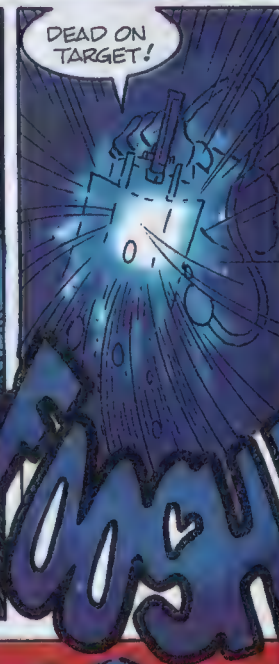
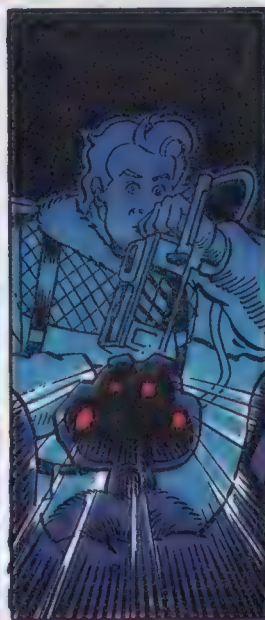
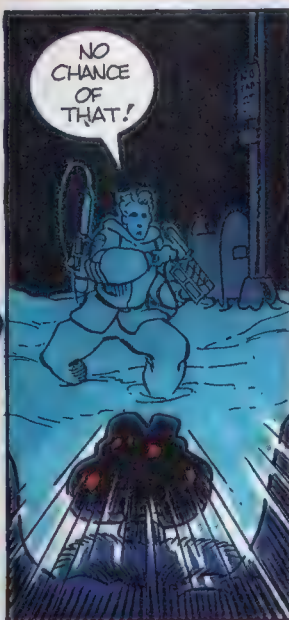
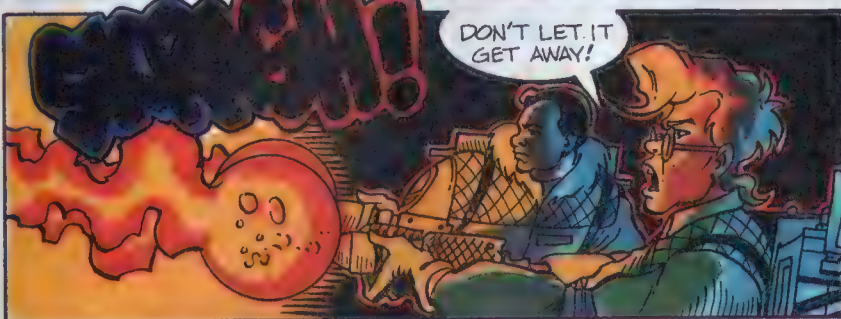
I LOST HIM WHEN WE SCATTERED. THE SNOW'S SO THICK YOU CAN GET LOST TEN FEET FROM ANYWHERE!



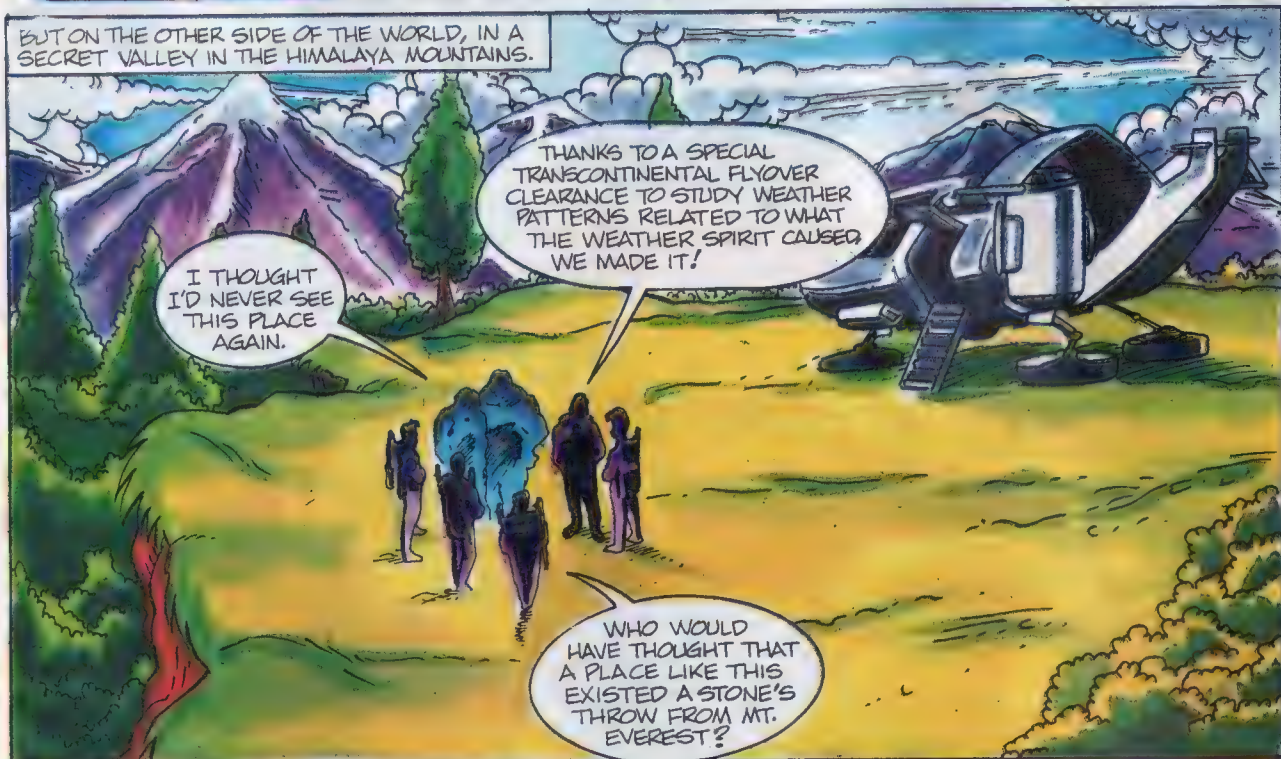














# DEAD TRUE!



owner of huge areas of land in the picturesque English Lake District, Myles Phillipson was never quite satisfied with the extent of his property. His restless seeking of new acres for his empire, led him to eye up the small farmstead of Kraster and Dorothy Cook, overlooking the lake.

The Cooks were not prepared to sell their farm, but Myles was not a man to take no for an answer. The poor couple were invited round to share Christmas dinner with him and were astounded with the man's generosity when he gave them a golden bowl.

The next morning, soldiers hammered at the poor farmer's door and arrested the pair. Their crime was – the theft of a golden bowl from Myles Phillipson.

Since the judge at the trial was Phillipson himself the verdict was a foregone conclusion, but as they were being sentenced to death, Dorothy cried out: "Look out for yourself, you will never prosper. The time will come when you own no land. You will never be rid of us ...". Phillipson thought very little of this threat and hustled them off to the gallows to be hung.

A few days later, he started work on his new home, Calgarth Hall. And when it was finished, an extravagant Christmas feast was held. But during the celebrations a terrifying scream sent the friends and relatives upstairs, swords at the ready. Half-way up the stairs stood Phillipson's wife, shuddering as she stood before the two grinning skulls on the bannister. Myles threw them into the courtyard and swore revenge on the

tasteless practical joker. This failed to set the guests' minds at ease and they retired to bed early, only to be awoken by more screams – the skulls were back on the stairs.

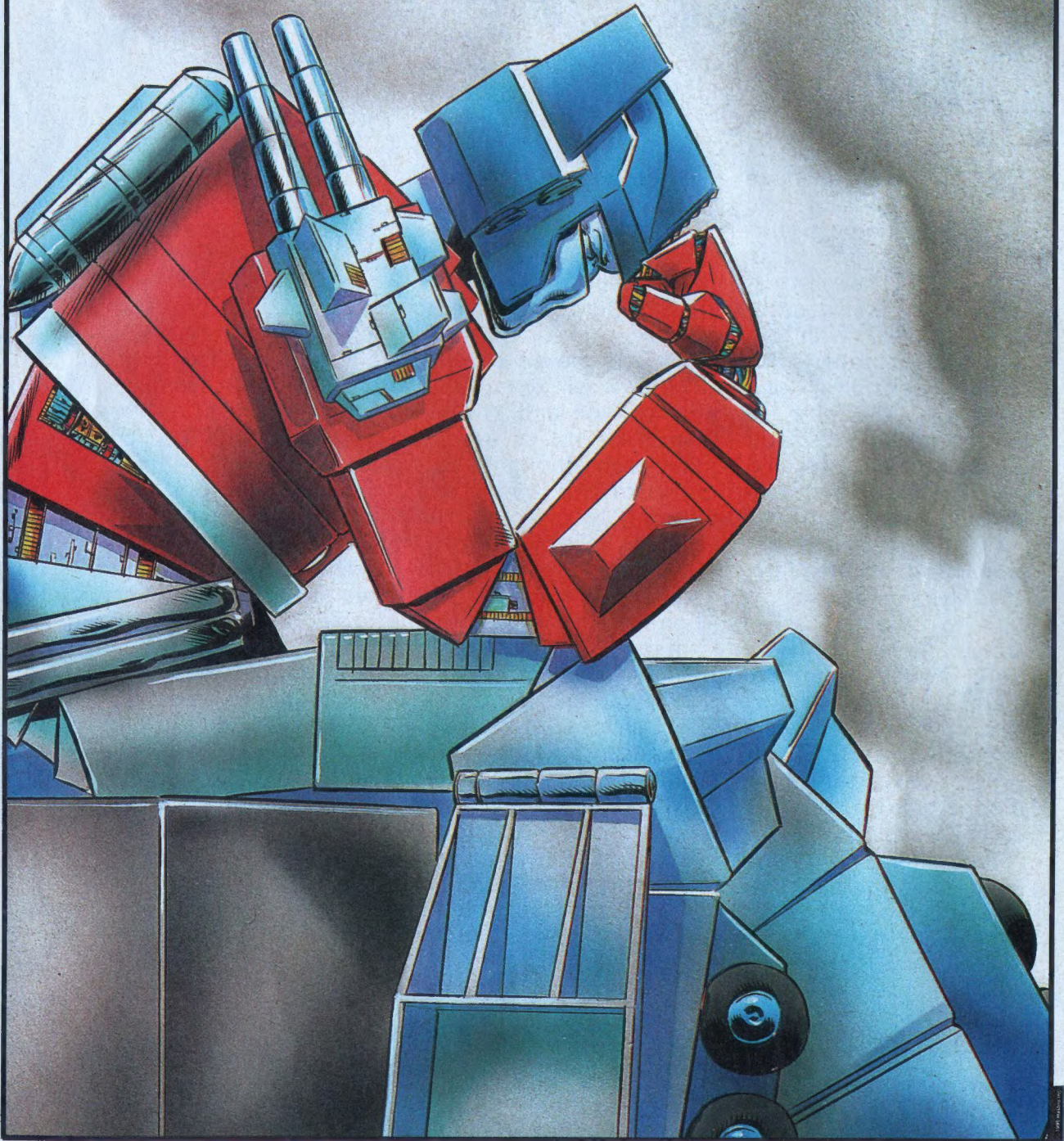
Phillipson tried everything that he could to get rid of the skulls over the next few days, but the skulls always returned. Christmas was ruined and so was Phillipson as the news spread. His business dwindled, his wealth and health declined and when he died, a broken man, the beautiful mansion echoed to the sound of demonic laughter.

The gruesome skulls continued to appear at the hall each Christmas, on the anniversary of the Cooks' execution. Only when the family was forced to sell the property due to poverty, did the skulls eventually leave the building in peace.





# TRANSFORMERS™



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